COLLINS's

EVENING BRUSH:

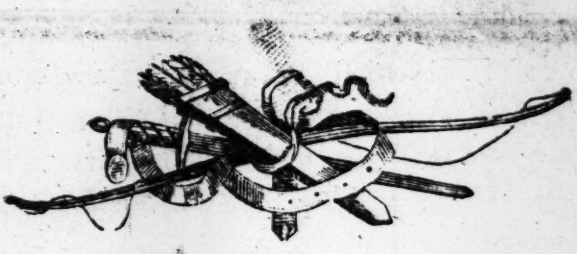
OR,

A MEDLEY OF THE FOLLIES, VICES, AND ABSURDITIES OF THE AGE,

PERFORMED OFF, AND ON THE STAGE.

Accompanied with ſeveral curious Songs.

(Never before publiſhed.)



NEWCASTLE:

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COLLINS's
EVENING BRUSH.

PART I.

COULD we, like Pope, "ſhoot folly as it flies, "and catch the manners living as they riſe;" we need beat the buſhes for no better game than what may be ſprung within the walls of a theatre. But though our object is to point out and expoſe ſtage impoſtors, yet, not one illiberal idea againſt the true profeſſors of it, provided they will move in a ſphere adapted to their abilities—For, to all be it known (pronounce it a pun if you pleaſe) I honor the pillars of the ſtage, although I think no crime to expoſe the *caterpillars* of it.—But firſt

WE have diſh'd up a ſort of a doggeral lay,
Which we beg leave to ſing, as a body may ſay,
For the author renounces all rights and pretences
To raviſh your ears, or to tickle your ſenſes;
For he only preſumes, like the man that calls brooms,
To ſhew that a coarſneſs, a cold and a hoarſneſs,
A natural voice, which is not very ſweet,
May be eaſily heard the whole length of a ſtreet.

THE BRUSH.

"*Health to the Ducheſs.*"

WHILST warbling Italians decoy the gay throng
With their lullaby ſtrains, without ſenſe, for to pleaſe, Sir,
And charm Britiſh ears with an outlandiſh tongue,
Combin'd with the magic of tweedle dum dee, Sir;
And the dear dillitanti, in taſte never ſcanty,
Gives his approbation, your ſenſes to huſh,
Let a Briton by birth, tune his pipe for your mirth,
And the canker of care ſweep away with his Bruſh,

Katterfelto, you know, puff'd away with big ſounds,
About wonderful wonders for folks to review, Sir,
And Aſtley and Hughes, and their merry go rounds,
Will ſhew you what children on cock-horſe can do, Sir;
Dr Graham likewiſe took the town by ſurprize,
When he ſhamefully put men and maids to the bluſh;
Let proſtitute ſlaves entertain fools and knaves,
But decency ſtill be the pride of the Bruſh.

You well know that taſte is deſpotic in ſway,
And that newſpaper puffs lead the mind of the million;
But if I keep my ſeat, no matter which way,
Let them take the ſaddle, and I'll take the pillion;
For vainly he ſtrives when the devil he drives,
And "needs muſt," is the motto your murmurs to huſh;
But I hope the clift hoof will for once keep aloof,
And no ill-natur'd devil run down my poor Bruſh.

If I handle my bruſh as an artiſt for bread,
Let me eat my poor loaf without ſtooping to flatter,
Since no ſordid tints on my canvas are ſpread,
For alike I diſdain to bedaub or beſpatter;

For laughter, with reaſon, is ſurely no treaſon,
Proportion of grace can have no cauſe to bluſh;
And the ſons of true ſpirit no grudge can inherit,
To ſee rank impoſtors run down with the Bruſh.

You've all heard the ſtory, no doubt, of poor ſweep,
Who one morning was found laid out dead on the ſnow,
Knowing no honeſt way how from ſtarving to keep,
His bruſh being loſt, and his living alſo:
Then put me in his place, and the very ſame caſe
Muſt be mine, if my labour the critics ſhould cruſh;
Then for charity ſpare, leſt his fate I ſhould ſhare,
For, like poor little ſweep, I've no bread but my Bruſh.

THE STRIKING ACTOR.

TO qualify the repreſentatives of tragedy and comedy for the purpoſe of making people laugh and cry, I humbly conceive there is no occaſion to purchaſe a diploma, or to take a Bachelor's degree.—The ſtage, I have often obſerved, has been ſtruck at with very illiberal ſeverity, by evil enthuſiaſts, and four cynics. There are ſome actors well verſed in the art of *ſtriking*, but few know what is meant by a *ſtriking* actor. As an inſtance of which, Jack Sly is paſſionately fond of a play, and talks of nothing but Shakeſpeare, and Ben Johnſon as his favourite Ben; and John Bull, who is fond of a boxing-match, talks of nothing but Johnſon and Big Ben.

Theſe two meeting at a barber's ſhop, (where they had often met before), Jack Sly began to inform the

people preſent, that he had been at the battle of Haſtings, in Covent Garden Theatre.—What battle? ſays Bull.—The battle of Haſtings, where I was never ſo ſtruck before.—Why, who ſtruck you? ſays Bull.—Why, Mr Pope, the tragedian, and very forcibly too.—And did you take it? ſays Bull.—What does the man mean? What do I mean! Why the meaning is plain enough; I was ſtruck at the battle of Haſtings, by Pope of Covent Garden.—What! did Pope of *Common* Garden ſtrike you?—Yes, and very forcibly too.—And you put up with it! Well, if he had been the *Pope of Rome*, and had ſtruck me, damme but I would have ſtruck him again.

There was John Bull in perfection, with all his points about him—his brains in his belly, and his head where his heart ſhould be.

THE STAGE.

THE Stage may well be call'd a ſchool,
Where wiſe men ſtudy how to play the fool;
The grocer's clerk, with horror in his looks,
Cries "racks and tortures," while he poſts his books;
The maſter ſtarts, and, ſtranger to the frolic,
Thinks the poor lad is tortur'd with the cholic—
He rings the bell, and while his face he wipes,
Cries "Betty, bring a dram, Tom's got the gripes."
The barber's 'prentice too bawls himſelf hoarſe,
And cries in ev'ry ſtreet, "my kingdom for a horſe;"
Says clump the collier, "why doſt mak' ſuch pother,
"Yonder's a jack aſs—damn thee, ride thy brother."—

Here one drinks poiſon, all his woes to drown;
And then, alas! drinks gin to waſh it down.
Poor Smut the blackſmith, with his face all white
As Hamlet's ghoſt, majeſtic ſtalks each night;
Theatric jokes are crack'd, the tap-room rings,
And pig-tail'd ſultans mix with crop-ear'd kings.

One of theſe ſharp-ſet geniuſes introduced himſelf to the late Mr Garrick, for the purpoſe of diſplaying his imaginary talents;—One who ſcarcely in his life was ever of his ſhop-board—I mean a cockney by birth, and a taylor by education.—Sir, ſays ſnip, (addreſſing himſelf to Mr Garrick) I am your moſt *in—de—fat—abigal* humble ſervant, I ſhall be *waſtly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hopportunity* of being made a *hactor*. Well, ſays Mr Garrick, and what part would you wiſh to have the *hopportunity* of *hacting?* ROMO, Sir, ROMO, I ſhould wiſh to *preform* the part of ROMO; for my wife ſays, as how I have ſo ſweet a *woice*, and as how I read Robinſon Cruſoe ſo *waſtly vell*, that ſhe's *waſtly* ſure, and *wery ſartin*, I ſhould make a *monſtracious* moving lover. Well Sir, and are you perfect in the part of ROMO, as you call it. Oh yes, Sir, I am mainly ſure I can go through ſtitch with it from the beginning to the *hend* of it.

Pray, Sir, do you recollect a paſſage in that play, where he deſcribes a huge Coloſſus beſtriding the lazy pacing clouds, and ſailing on the boſom of the air? Oh yes, Sir, *waſtly vell*, ſays ſnip,—Then pray tell me, Sir, when this huge Coloſſus was beſtriding thoſe

clouds, which way would you go (now ſuppoſing his ſtride to have been much upon a par with a middling ſized rainbow,) I ſay, Sir, which way would you go about to meaſure him for a pair of breeches? Lord have mercy upon us, ſays ſnip, here's a job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did ſuch a thing in their lives, and I'm ſure I could as ſoon make a pair for the man in the moon!—Then pray, Sir, how came you to think of undertaking my buſineſs, when you are not maſter of your own?—Lord, Sir, I only *vonted*—You only *vonted!*—Pray, Sir, tell me this,

" Didſt thou ever behold Mackbeth, with boiſt'rous rage,
" Bully the ghoſt of Banquo off the ſtage!"

No, Sir, ſays ſnip,—You ſhall behold it now——

PARODY.

Avaunt and quit my ſight, thy ſheers are edgeleſs and thy gooſe is cold—thou haſt no thread or needles in thoſe paws that thou doſt ſtitch withal—What Manager dare, I dare—approach me like the grim and griſtly lamplighter, or arm'd chimney ſweep with bruſh and ſoot bag—take any form but that, and my rich wardrobe ſhall yet 'ſcape cabbaging; or dare me to thy ſhop-board with thy ſheers. If trembling I inthibit, then proteſt me the batch of a button hole—hence—hence, I ſay!—Bruſh was the word, and the taylor was off in a tangent, perfectly cured of his paſſion for the ſtage; and reſolved for the future to ſtick to his ſhop-board.

BUTCHERY OF BLANK VERSE.

THERE are ſome actors for whom no appellation is bad enough—I believe we muſt call them *butchers of blank verſe*, who ſtick their knives in the ſkirts of tragedy. One of theſe gentlemen I remember to have ſeen *cutting up* the part of King Lear in a moſt inhuman manner; and in that paſſage where the good old King is highly incenſed at the conduct of his daughter Cordelia, and the honeſt Earl of Kent interpoſes in her behalf——He ſhould have ſaid—

" Peace, Kent, come not between a dragon and his wrath,
" For, by the ſacred ſun and ſolemn night,
" I here diſclaim all my paternal care,
" And, from this minute, tear her from my heart,
" And hold her as an Alien to my blood and favor."

Now when he came to the word in the laſt line which contains the letters A-l-i-e-n, not knowing what it meant, and naturally ſuppoſing it meant ſomething, inſtead of telling her he would tear her from his heart and hold her as an Alien.—He ſaid, *tear out her heart like a Lion*—This, you will allow, was butchering with a vengeance.

The ſame hero, next night, perſonated the Duke, in Venice Preſerved, and inſtead of telling the Captain " the conſpirators muſt all go to priſon, and there remain till judgment was paſſed upon them;"—He ſaid, *the con-ſpi-ra-tors muſt all go to jail, and there wait till the day of judgment.*

NEWCASTLE BURR, AND PROVINCIAL DIALECTS.

ONE would imagine that a provincial dialect would be a great ſtumbling block in the way of an actor—Yet there are many who will commence actors in ſpite of this defect, or the advice of their friends to the contrary; right or wrong, they will embark in that very critical profeſſion.—Believe me, I have ſeen one of theſe ſtraight forward gentlemen, a Northumbrian by birth, from the banks of the Tyne, *ſcour* out his words with ſuch an abominable Newcaſtle *burr* in his throat, and talk of *priviledges* and *prerogatives*, and the *brave Britiſh troops* that *brought* down the *pride* of *France*, that it appear'd as if he had ſwallowed a ſcrubbing bruſh, and was labouring with all his might to get it up again.

MANY ſay that the want of attention in the actor is often the occaſion of monotony, or that it proceeds from a defective ear; but why not from a defect in the voice itſelf.—An unhappy organization in the gutteral paſſages will ſometimes be the conſequence, or now and then a glutinous liſp birdlimes the butt-end of the actor's tongue, and he ſpeaks as if he had a mouthful of plumbs. I have heard two performers, in Otway's Orphan, Caſtalio and Pollydore, ſo gobble and chuckle at one another, that you would compare them to nothing in human nature but a couple of turkey pouts. And I have ſeen the repreſentative of the Royal Bajazet ſo bellow and bluſter at his conqueror Tamerlane, (who, by the bye, was about four feet nothing without his ſhoes) and he ſo chirrup

and chuckle at him, that you with juſtice might call one a tragedy *bell weather*, and the other a tragedy *bantum cock*. When his conqueror Tamerlane orders him to be ſet at liberty, I humbly conceive there ſhould be no neceſſity for out-heroding Herod, or out-doing a termagant; and that his ſublime highneſs might have entered into the ſpirit of his author, and, without deviating from his royalty, have addreſſed him in the following manner—

" Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo—our Prophet's vengeance blaſt me,
" If thou ſhalt buy our friendſhip with thy empire.
" Damnation on thee, thou uncouth fawning talker;
" Give me my chains again, that I may curſe thee
" And gratify my rage."

But this was the manner of his ſpluttering, and his revenge on his conqueror—Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo, &c.

(Repeat in burleſque.)

And, in return, cockey Tamerlane chuckled out in the following manner—

" Virtue ſtill does
" With ſcorn the mercenary world regard,
" Where abject ſouls do good and hope reward:
" Above the worthleſs trophies men can raiſe,
" She ſeeks not honor, wealth, nor any praiſe,
" But with herſelf---herſelf the goddeſs pays."

(Imitate the crowing of a cock.)

Our immortal poet ſays, that all the world's a ſtage, &c.——This, with a little alteration, is the text of Shakeſpeare,

And ſuppoſe for once on a time,
We tack reaſon with rhyme,
And to muſic alſo;
For ſome hold it no treaſon
To preſent you with muſic
And rhyme with reaſon,
Then let us go.—

SEVEN AGES.

OUR immortal poet ſays, that all the world's a ſtage
And that men, with all their airs, are nothing more than play'rs.
Each tries with ſkill and art, in his turn to play his part,
All to fill up his farcical ſcene, O!
Enter here—Exit there—Stand in view—Mind your cue,
Hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O!

Firſt the infant on the lap, mewling pewling with his pap,
Like the rabbit which we truſs, is ſwaddled by its nurſe,
Who to pleaſe the puppet tries, as he giggles and he cries,
All to fill up, &c.
Huſh-aby—wipe an eye—kiſs a pretty—what a titty,
Hey down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace, with his ſhining morning face
And his ſatchel on his back, to ſchool, alas, muſt pack;
While like a ſnail he creeps, and for bloody monday weeps,
All to fill up, &c.
Book miſlaid—truant play'd—rod in pickle—bum to tickle,
Hey down, &c.

Then the lover next appears, ſous'd over head and ears,
Like a lobſter on the fire, ſighing, ready to expire;
With a large hole in his heart, thro' it you might drive a cart,
All to fill up, &c.
beauty ſpurns him—paſſion burns him—Like a wizzard—guts and gizzard.
Hey down, &c.

Then the ſoldier ripe for plunder, breathing ſlaughter, blood, and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice, kicks a duſt up in a trice;
Talks of nought but ſtreaming veins, ſhatter'd limbs and ſcatter'd brains,
All to fill up, &c.
Fight or fly—run or die—pop and pelter—helter ſkelter,
Hey down, &c.

Then the juſtice in his chair, with his broad and vacant ſtare,
His wig of formal cut, and belly like a butt,
Well lin'd with turtle haſh, callipee and callipaſh,
All to fill up, &c.
Bawd and trull—pimp and cull—at his nod—go to quod.
Hey down, &c.

Then the ſlipper'd pantaloon, in life's dull afternoon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, ſhrunk ſhank in youthful hoſe;
His voice once big and round, now whiſtles in the ſound,
All to fill up, &c.
Vigour ſpent—body bent—ſhaking noddle—widdle waddle,
Hey down, &c.

Then to finiſh up the play, ſecond childhood leads the way;
And, like ſheep that's got the rot, all our ſenſes go to pot;
When death among us pops, and ſo down the curtain drops,
All to fill up, &c.
Then the coffin—we move off in—while the bell—tolls the knell.
And high and low go down into the cold ground,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

PART II.

SPECIMENS OF REMARKABLE ACTING.

'Tis not enough, (ſays Pope)
'Tis not enough, no harſhneſs giv's offence,
The ſound ſhould be an echo to the ſenſe;
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move ſlow.

IF ſo, how grating to the ear muſt it be to hear many of our modern tragedy chanterpipes trumpet out their words, as Mrs Tabitha Bramble very happily calls it, quite cockloftical and high poppity mountain. For inſtance now, in the tent ſcene of King Richard the 3d, when he comes forth ſhuddering with guilt and horror, (the awful ſtillneſs of the night added to a conſcience for ever reminding him of his cruelties) I conceive any man in his ſenſes would ſpeak it as nearly this way as poſſible---

'Tis now the dead of night, &c.

How contrary to common ſenſe, and diſagreeable to a judicious ear, muſt it be, to hear thoſe lines bawled out in a high trumpeting tone of voice, as for inſtance

(Imitating Smith's tone and monotony in the above lines.)

Yet even this is far better than thoſe tragic ſtocks and ſtones, who never felt a touch of the promethian torch.—Believe me, I have heard his crook'd back'd Majeſty, in the battle of Boſworth field, breathe out revenge and ſlaughter in ſuch a pretty ſoft lullaby jingle, that you would imagine he was only walking in his ſleep, and dreamt of battle—for inſtance now,

" Hark! the ſhrill trumpet ſounds to horſe, away!
" My ſoul's in arms and eager for the fray.
Ti tum, ti to, ti to, ti tum, &c.

THERE was once a very remarkable circumſtance happened at Stamford, in Lincolnſhire.—A manager and one of the performers fell out, and as one of the chriſtian bruizers, he, as Bobadil terms it, gave the poor actor the baſtinado, and the actor, I ſuppoſe, was, like Bobadil, planet ſtruck, and in that condition could not retaliate. However, a few nights after, the beaten ſon of Melpomene contrived to bring a live mouſe to the theatre, and artfully put it in the manager's bag, juſt as he was going to ſtalk on for the part of Altamont, in the Fair Penitent; but the mouſe, diſliking its ſituation of confinement began to jump upward and downward in the bag, and the manager thought it was ſome one behind him. It was a benefit night, and the ſcenes very much crowded; ſo he walk'd on and began----

" Let this auſpicious day be ever ſacred,"

Here the mouſe jump'd, on which he turn'd about " None of your fun, I deſire, play your tricks ſomewhere elſe."---I'll begin, gentlefolks,

" Let this auſpicious day be ever ſacred,

" No mourning, no——(*the mouſe jump'd*)

" Damme, Sir, what do ye mean by that? Do it again and I'll give you a douce of the chops." I'll begin once more, gentlefolks, if you pleaſe---damn the raſcal, he has diſconcerted me,---

" Let this auſp———(*jump*)

" Take that, you dirty blackguard;" upon which he ſtruck the perſon that ſtood behind him at the wing, who returned the ſalutation; ſo the audience were entertained at the beginning of the Fair Penitent with a boxing match: however, the manager ſoon learnt the trick that had been play'd him, ſo apologized to the audience, as ſorry he had taken a *man* for a *mouſe*; but, to prevent ſuch confuſion in future, he gave the poor actor the *bag*.

IT is well known to the company preſent (at leaſt to all thoſe who are verſed in hiſtory) that, in the reign of Charles the II. all the heroines of tragedy and comedy were perſonated by four or five young fellows, with ſmooth faces. And, ſtrange though it may appear, 'tis not more ſo than true, that, about

ſive years ago, a company of itinerants were figuring away at Hackney, without a ſingle female among them. The play was the Orphan, and it would be hard to tell whether the fair Monimia or her ſweet ſmiling ſiſter-in-law, the gentle Serina, was the moſt luſty, ſtrapping, raw-bon'd fellow of the two. Monimia, after affecting all his airs and graces, with every ſoft and moving female geſture, broke out (in a voice only fit for a Calliban in the Tempeſt), "Why was I born with all my ſex's ſoftneſs, my gentle nature bears not the beating of a ſtorm ſo rude; Oh! Caſtalio, Caſtalio has undone me, and my ſoft ſoul can ne'er know comfort more."

The ſame performer, a few nights after, perſonated the character of Gloſter, in the tragedy of King Lear, and went tollerably perfect on with the part till he came to the end of the 3d act, (where he is deprived of his ſight by a red hot ſearing iron, at the command of the Duke of Cornwall), and not having ſtudied the two laſt acts, was under the neceſſity of taking the book from the prompter, and *reading* all the woeful lamentations *he makes for the loſs of his eye-ſight.*

Another of theſe imperfect gentlemen had to finiſh the play of "All for Love," or "the World well Loſt," in the character of Serapion; the ſituation of the ſtage was thus—Mark Anthony on the one ſide of him, and Cleopatra on the other—he ſhould have ſaid,

" Now future fame poſterity ſhall tell,
" No couple liv'd ſo happy, died ſo well."

Inſtead of that, he came forward, hitching up his ſmall cloaths, and wiping his noſe on the back of his hand, and, in his uſual manner, ſays—

Now fame ſhall tell poſterity, that
Poſterity ſhall tell fame—no
Fame ſhall tell poſterity----um———

Down dropt the curtain, and there was an end of the play.

The very ſame gentleman, afterwards, in the Norwich theatre, came forward to give out the play for the next night, it being for the benefit of the box-keeper and the laſt night of performing that ſeaſon; which he gave out literally in the following manner, —" Ladies and gentlemen, above and below, to-morrow evening will be preſented the celebrated comedy of---of----the tragedy of----of----no----opera of ---of---the play of----of---the play bills to-morrow will tell you all about it.-----To which will be added, the farce of the----the pantomime of---the entertainment---of what's to be done after the play, it being by particular deſire of the box-keeper, and for the benefit of the laſt night of the ſeaſon.

But as another poof that the fool is often play'd off the ſtage as well as on, we'll give you a ſhort ſketch of what's going on now in London.

THE LONDON STAGE.

We're told that ancient Rome had once
  Her famous fire eaters,
Her roaring bulls, her fighting men,
  Call'd flaſhing gladiators;
Her paſtimes call'd Olympical,
  With other games likewiſe, Sir,
Yet London now in all her games,
  Thoſe gambols far outvies, Sir.

In London there's the Engliſh ſtage,
  An object worth regarding,
Where we go to cry at Drury Lane,
  And to laugh at Covent Garden;
Where Munden, while the queen of tears
  Relates her tale of woe, Sir,
He will preſent ye with four-and-twenty
  Fiddlers all on a row, Sir.

The opera next, where folks are pleas'd
  With ſqueaking and with ſqualling,
Of Engliſh ſterling gold you're eas'd,
  For Italian caterwauling;
Where folks, each rake, for faſhion's ſake,
  'Tis true you may depend on't,
Tho' the devil a word they underſtand
  From beginning to the end on't.

The maſquerade invites us next,
  Where folks parade in cog, Sir,
A place where no diſtinction's made,
  'Twixt Tobit and his dog, Sir;
My lord will meet my lady's maid,
  For a little harmleſs chat, Sir,
And a tune in turn is often play'd
  To the tune of tit for tat, Sir.

The gay Vauxhall keeps up the ball,
And Ran'lagh groves reſound, Sir,
Where beauty, wit, and freedom reigns,
And the merry bells ring round, Sir;
Where many a wight, for a ſingle night
Of guttling, gig, and laughter,
Will then ſtake down his laſt half-crown,
Tho' he ſtarves for a fortnight after.

Then Hughes and Aſtley beat the round
Upon their nimble prancers,
They play ſuch tricks, you'd ſwear them both
A pair of Necromancers;
Where tumblers trip, and monkeys ſkip,
And dogs are dancing jigs, Sir,
And learned men, at College bred,
Are 'pos'd by learned pigs, Sir.

At court each great man keeps his place,
As either ſide prevails, Sir,
As int'reſt pulls, the bears and bulls
Will battle tooth and nail, Sir;
As badger baiting oft has pleas'd
A green head, or a grey nob,
So men of might ſometimes delight
In badgering of a nabob.

The rage for boxing bears the bell,
Which old and young purſue, Sir,
And bets run high, on the firſt black eye,
'Twixt a Chriſtian and a Jew, Sir;
While lords and 'ſquires riotly try
Like them to trip in buff, Sir,
By laying ſword and piſtol by
For a bout at fifty cuff, Sir.

Pray, 'tis not quite two years ago
Since Katterfelto's cat, Sir,
More wonders did than all the world
Before e'er wonder'd at, Sir;
And Dr Graham's lectures too,
Turns all the peoples heads, Sir,
And men and maids were running mad
About celeſtial beds, Sir.

But nobler objects far than theſe
This golden age afford, Sir,
And ev'ry ſtreet was in a blaze
For a ſovereign's health reſtor'd Sir;
And many till that day, I doubt,
Ne'er went to church at all, Sir,
Had nearly got their guts ſqueez'd out,
For a ſqueeze into St Paul's, Sir.

Then ſhocks of electricity
So tickled ev'ry chap, Sir,
That rich and poor, from far and near,
Reſolv'd to have a ſtrap, Sir;
And then to hear old women ſwear,
It was enough to daſh one,
And, by the lord, they'd have a touch,
Becauſe it was the faſhion.

Attraction was the cauſe, I've heard,
Of this electric ſtroke, Sir,
And I confeſs (and take my word)
I neither jeſt nor joke, Sir;
If ſuch good folks, attracted here,
I ev'ry night could ſee, Sir,
Attraction,—cauſing ſuch effect,
Would be no ſhock to me, Sir.

PART III.

THE PARISH CLERK.

SUPPOSE we divert our eyes from the theatre ſubject, and take a peep at the world at large, you may poſſibly find that playing the fool off the ſtage is as common as playing it on.—For inſtance, now, what think you of thoſe half-bred lumps of divinity, called pariſh clerks? Suppoſe Simon Snuffle, or Solomon Snort, became a candidate for the pariſh of St ———: Being willing to give a ſpecimen of his abilities, preſents his pariſhioners with the following extraordinary proof of his writing, at the ſame time made *extrempery* on the occaſion, and, as he ſays, all of his own *expoſing*—

The Philiſtines, Samſon's enemies,
Cut off his hair, and then pegg'd out his eyes.
But David did revenge his cauſe,
More than himſelf with aſſes' jaws:
He knock'd down great Goliah, dead as mutton,
With a ſmall ſtone, no bigger than a button.

Another of theſe Sol-fa gentry who ſeemed to ſtrive at making more uſe of his noſe than his mouth, and without paying any regard to punctuation, yet ſcrupulouſly attentive to one rule, that of ſtopping at the end of every line, although it be oftentimes in the

middle of a ſentence. For example, now, the following lines, notwithſtanding they form two in the column of the Pſalter, certainly ſhould be read but as one, and that proſaically thus----

He ſoon will come, and he will not
Keep ſilence, but ſpeak out.

Which the nomenclator roared out as follows:

He ſoon will come, and he will not.—
Keep ſilence, but ſpeak out.

THE POLITICAL BARBER.

THERE was lately a political Barber at Bath, who prized himſelf not a little on his talents for reading the affairs of ſtate. One day he hit upon a column which furniſhed the public with the following intelligence:----

"We hear that Lord Baltemont has fallen, in his tour through France, into a *rencontre*, in which he has met with a contuſion in his abdominal parts, which has occaſioned an abſceſs, with many other unpromiſing ſymptoms."

----which he retailed to his hearers in the following manner:

"We hear that my Lord *Buttertoaſt* has fallen off a *tower* in France, into a *running gutter*, in which he has met with a *confuſion* in his *abominable* parts, which occaſions his *abſence*, and many other unpromiſing *ſympletons*."

BELLISARIUS.

BUT we are told "there's a time to laugh and a time to cry;" and as the child of mirth may be eaſily tired with too much of one thing, I will leave the riſible faculties, by introducing a ſerious ſubject; and I don't know a more ſtriking inſtance of human ingratitude, than the well-known ſtory of Belliſarius.---The poor old blind, diſcarded Roman general, who, after having crowned his country with laurels, and having raiſed it to the higheſt pitch of glory, after having placed the tyrant on his throne, was reduced to beg his bread at the gates of the city. The thought occurred to the author, on ſeeing the celebrated Michael Angelos' picture of him.

DATE OBOLUM BELLISARIO.

Oh, Fortune! how ſtrangely thy gifts are rewarded,
How much to thy ſhame thy caprice is recorded;
The wiſe, good, and great, thy pow'rs never ſcape any,
Witneſs poor Belliſarius that begs for a halfpenny.
Date Obolum Belliſario.

He who's fam'd for his brav'ry and valour in war, ſir;
Once the ſhield of his country and ſcourge of its foe, ſir;
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged, is led, ſir;
With one foot in the grave, forc'd to beg for his bread, ſir.
Date Obolum, &c.

A young Roman knight, in the ſtreets, paſſing by, ſir,
This vet'ran beheld with a heart-rending ſigh, ſir;
A purſe in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear, ſir,
While the ſoldier's ſad tale thus attracted his ear, ſir.
Date Obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, ſir;
I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages will bloom, ſir;
I've enrich'd her with wealth, ſwell'd her pride and her pow'r, ſir;
I've eſpous'd her for life, and diſgrace is my dower, ſir.
Date Obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly waſted at random,
Loſing thouſands their lives with a nil deſperandum;
Ev'ry conqueſt I gain'd, I made both friend and foe know,
My ſoul's only aim was pro publico bono.
Date Obolum, &c.

If ſoldiers or ſtateſmen, of what age or ſtation,
Hereafter ſhall meet with the ſame ſad relation,
And, of eyeſight bereft, forc'd to grope for his way, ſir,
Still the bright beams of virtue will turn night to day, ſir.
Date Obolum, &c.

But, if wanting that light, the dread contraſt remark, ſir,
Then at laſt he muſt take the great leap in the dark, ſir;
He'll wiſh, while his friends wring their hands round his bed, ſir,
Like poor Belliſarius, he had begg'd for his bread, ſir.
Date Obolum, &c.

While I, to diſtreſs and to darkneſs inur'd, ſir,
In this vile cruſt of clay am no longer immers'd, ſir,
At death's welcome ſtroke my bright courſe ſhall begin,
And enjoy endleſs light from the ſunſhine within.
Date Obolum, &c.

THE HEDGE HOG.

AS the world at large is the topic on the carpet, I beg leave to recount what happened at Poulton in the Foil, in the wild parts of Lancaſhire, a few years ago, and it deſcended to me in its provincial dialect by a native who was preſent.

There were five perſons, the heads of the town, the 'Squire, the Exciſeman, the Apothecary, the Lawyer, and the Curate, in a deep conſultation, to define whether a hedge hog was an animal or a vegetable, an artificial or a natural curioſity. Firſt, the Lawyer ſaid, "it is a thing Heaven never made, and as how he had a great mind to ſerve it with a copy. The Exciſeman ſtuck his thumb in his ink-bottle, and ſaid, I canna gauge it, nor I canna gaum it, but for ſartin it muſt be ſomewhat or ſomewhat elſe. The Apothecary ſcratching his head, ſaid, I count it to be a kind of a live thiſtle. The 'Squire aſked Robin if he did not think it a kind of a curry comb, And the Parſon, after donning his ſpectacles, and gloring at it for half an hour, ſaid, Ods bodikins, for ſure and ſartin it muſt be the devil's nutmeg grater.

There was a curious conſultation for you—where five learned men were put to their ſhifts, and their enquiries ended juſt where they began.

A CUMBERLAND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

I am told that a member of the quorum, in Cumberland, who was the very mouth-piece of eloquence

in his own country, when he went up to London enquired at a ſhoe-maker's ſhop, in Cranbourn, for a pair of ſhoes for his little girl in the country, with pink'd heels, pointed toes, and cropp'd ſtraps for claſps; which he expreſſed in the following manner.

" I pray you noo, han ye gotten ony neatly featly ſhoon, pointed toe, pinked i'th heel, with cropped ſtraps for claſps."—Sir, ſays the ſhopkeeper, what's that you ſay—On which he repeated it—Oh, the family who ſpeak French, ſays the ſhopkeeper, live at the next door.—So they parted, underſtanding each other as well as if one had come from Greenland, and the other from Grand Cairo.

THE COLLIER AT CHURCH.

BUT of all the ignoramuſes breathing, thoſe of the weſt of England moſt exceed the bounds of belief, as one of whom I may with ſafety mention.—A collier who had never been acroſs the threſhold of a church door ſince his baptiſm but once, and that but by accident, as he took ſhelter from a ſhower of rain, (which laſted during divine ſervice, at a church, in Briſtol.) The heatheniſh boor, on his return home, told his brother clods what he had ſeen in the following manner:—" He ſaid, he had been at a place he had never been before, and where he never deſigned to be again, for there he ſaw twelve fellows cock'd up in a hay loft, ſhouting and zinging away for dear life, and ſaid he, I axd'n if they'd got any

thing to drink there, and a zort of a dog-whipping fellow came up to me with a ſwitch in his hand, and told me I could get nought to drink there—how doſt know that, ſaid I, thee beeſtn't landlord, ſaid I, beeſt thee; ſo then he took my hat off my head, dang it, I'd a mind to gin him a douſe of the chops and ſet'n a ſpinning like a hurligig, but I thought I would not kick up a duſt there neither; ſo I went a bit further and ſaw a ſet of men and women punded up together, like ſo many ewes and weathers at a fair, and in i'th middle o' them there was a man cock'd up in a tub, breaſt high, with a ſhirt as black as a coal, and a little white flobbering, ſlit in two and ſtuck under his chin, twining up his eyes and praying away to be liver'd; and there ſat a little man below mocking on'm, for whatever one ſaid 'tother ſtood to it—By the bye, the man i'th black ſhirt pull'd 'm off, and there was another as white as a clout, and then with a twiſt of his wriſteſſes he opened the tub, and came down and took a little babby out of a woman's arms and carried it to a ſort of a hog trough and ſplaſh'd its face auver and auver again with cold water—dang it, ſays I, who knows where the frolic may end, for may hap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, zoo I took to my heels and ſcamper'd away, and if ever they do catch I within ſid'n church again, I'll geen'n leavé to zouſe and zoſs me auver and auver again."——This was all the idea a weſt country collier had of a country church.

A favourite author obſerves,

"From monkiſh ignorance the land was freed,
"And even country ſchoolmaſters could read."

A kind of oblique inſinuation that few can read at preſent; but, be that as it may, on the other ſide of the water in our ſiſter kingdom, for there the ſchoolmaſters are men of erudition. As, for inſtance, Father O'Proſody, of the pariſh of Propria quæ Maribus, ſits himſelf down the monarch of a ſhed, to teach the little puny whipſters the criſs croſs row, and that in ſuch a manner as cannot fail to make a laſting impreſſion. And he has all the little fry for five miles round, whoſe fathers can afford to give them five coppers a week for their education.—There was little Dermot, little Phelim, and Paddy o'Drogheda—then calling upon the laſt new comer, (who, by the bye, knew as much of the four-and-twenty letters as he did of the longitude,) you little o'Shaughneſſy, come hither vid yourſelf; bring your primer in your hand and your copper in your fiſt—blow your noſe and hold your head up like a man—arrah now, don't be hunting the flies acroſs the ceiling, but cock your eye and look ſtraight at your book.

You ſee that letter which looks for all the world like the gable end of your father's cabin, with a beam acroſs the middle of it, now that is called A, aguſee A—and that letter, the next door neighbour, is nameſake to the little jontleman that ſucks the flowers,

ſills the honey pots, and carries a long ſting in his tail, that is maſter B, and B ſtands for blubberlip: arrah now, what makes you put out your lip ſo? tuck in the ſelvage of your mouth, blow your noſe, and hold up your head like a man—The next is for all the world like the ſign of the half moon, where Judy Maglutery ſells ale and whiſky, and that is called C, and C ſtands for coblers or coppers—and you ſee that next, that is for all the world like the broken handle of a pair of ſnuffers, that is called D, and D ſtands for daughter, aguſee blubberlip cobler's copper daughter—and that next is called E, which the Engliſh flats (botheration to them) call EE, as if there were two of them. By my ſhoul they may as well ſay cheek handkerchief inſtead of check handkerchief, tho' it was made for the noſe: arrah, that's true, blow your noſe again—and that next you ſee, that is like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up for the hangman to put his foot upon (heaven bleſs you, my dear, and keep your mother's child from the like of it, my jewel) well, that's call'd F, and F ſtands for five—and that next is what the carmen ſay when they want their horſes to go further, and that is called G—and if any body ſhould aſk you, now, which of your hands goes barefoot for want of a glove, you may ſay H, which is the ſame as both; and H ſtands for horſes, and I ſtands for jockies, and now my little fellow, aguſee blubberlip cobler's copper daughter, eat up five gingerbread horſes, jockies

and all.—Oh! mercy upon us what a devil of a twiſt I have for ſcholarſhip.—Now, my jewel, I've taught you one-third of your leſſon, and I'll teach you the other two halves when you have knock'd the firſt under your ſcullap; ſo now run home vid yourſelf, before the ſpalpions ate up all the butter-milk and potatoes, my jewel.

THE IRISH ECHO.

I have before obſerved, Mr Pope ſays,
" The ſound ſhould be an echo to the ſenſe."

BUT Darby Logan, the celebrated bull-maker, of whom you muſt all have heard, exclaim'd wh he heard thoſe lines repeated, " Och, bub boo! botheration to your ſound and your ſenſe, and your ſenſe and your ſound, and your ſenſible echos into the bargain; och, if you want a ſenſible echo, you muſt go to the little lake of Killarney, in the county of Kerry, for that is a muſical echo, and ſome people call it Dr Echo—now ſuppoſe you ſtand on one ſide and cry what's good for the belly ache?—He'll immediately ſay, " ſhut your mouth and keep your guts warm."—And if you aſk a perſon how he does, it anſwers, " very well thank you.—commend me to an echo like that, when you aſk him a civil queſtion, he'll return you a civil anſwer, and if he would not, och, by my ſhoul, I would let him gabble away by himſelf for an hour together, for the devil a word

would I exchange with him good, bad, or indifferent. —O faith I was once in the land of roaſt beef and plumb pudding, and have made a ſort of a kind of compoſition upon my peregrination, which I'll give to you, though I am as proud of my performance as the little piper when he play'd the children of Iſrael over the Red Sea to the tune of "over the water to Charley."

SONG.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's own town
For England's own ſelf thro' the ſeas I did plough,
Four long days and nights I was toſs'd up and down
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
And as fearing to fall, when I fell faſt aſleep, Sir,
Like a cat clung around, a faſt hold for to keep, Sir,
Round about the big poſt that grows out of the ſhip, Sir;
Oh! there I did ſleep and ſing Langolee.

The veſſel ſtood ſtill all the time I was moving,
Till Ireland's dear coaſt I ſaw clear out of ſight;
The next day myſelf a true Iriſhman proving,
When leaving the ſhip on the ſhore to alight,
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
So the very firſt ſtep I was in ſuch a totter,
That I jump'd upon land to my neck in the water;
Oh! that was no time to ſing Langolee.

Oh! hunger and cold, I never yet knew more,
My ſtomach and bowels they did grumble and growl,
So I thought the beſt way to put each in good humour,
Was take out the wrinkles of both, by my ſhoul;

Then I went to the place where roaſt beef they provide
With a whirligig which up the chimney I ſpied,
And which grinds all their ſmoak into powder beſide,
'Tis as true as I'm now ſinging Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the ſtage coaches,
That ſet ſail for London each night in the week,
To whom I obnoxiouſly made my approaches,
As a birth a board one I came for to ſeek;
But as for the inſide, I'd no caſh in my caſket,
So, ſays I, with your leave, I'll mak bold for to aſk it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the baſket
For there I can ride and ſing Langolee.

After making his mouth up, ſays he, Sir, the baſket
Goes after the coach a full hour or two,
Very well, Sir, ſays I, that's the thing then for me, Sir,
But the devil a word that he told me was true;
For the one went before and the other behind, Sir,
They ſet off cheek by jole at the very ſame time, Sir,
Yes, that day at night, they ſet off by moon ſhine, Sir,
And left me by myſelf ſinging Langolee.

Ough! long life to the moon for a fine noble creature,
That ſerves us for lamplight each night in the dark,
While the ſun only ſhines in the day, which by nature
Wants no light at all, as you all may remark,
But as for the moon by my ſhoul I'll be bound, Sir,
It would ſave the whole nation a great many pounds, Sir,
To ſubſcribe for to light her up all the year round, Sir,
And then we might walk and ſing Langolee.

PART IV.

THE INADVERTENCY.

SHAKESPEARE ſays, let your clowns ſpeak no more than what is juſt ſet down for them, for there will be ſome of them that will laugh themſelves to ſet on a number of barren ſpectators to do the ſame.—Now, though there may be ſome neceſſary part of the play to be then obſerved, yet there are ſome actors, notwithſtanding their wiſh cloſely to adhere to their authors, have been ſurprized into an inadvertency. As an inſtance of which give me leave to introduce the following ſtory—

A veteran in the York company, at the time of the races, when the ſtage was much crowded by gentlemen of the turf, in playing the part of Don Pedro, in the Spaniſh Fryar, being aſked the queſtion of "what hopes,"—his anſwer ſhould have been

"As much as when phyſicians ſhake their heads,
"And bid their dying patients think on heav'n."

But unfortunately one of the jockies, either by accident or deſign, ſtruck the rowel of his ſpur in his back juſt when he had got to the laſt line—therefore, his anſwer to the queſtion of "what hopes" was literally delivered in this manner,

" As much as when phyſicians ſhake their heads,
" And bid their dying patients---go to hell and be damn'd to you."

Now this was certainly ſpurring the actor in the wrong place, for John Dryden's Pegaſus was not to be puſhed forward by a Yorkſhire jockey.

MR FOOTE.

BUT of all the tragedians that ever tragedized, he who was the moſt ſevere of his ſatire, and the dread of all theatric performers, was the moſt outre in his own performances---I mean our late Engliſh Ariſtophanes, Foote.---He was a great favourite with the town, and, as a comic writer and a mimic, moſt deſervedly ſo---but when we talk of acting we go on a larger ſcale---his Othello was ſuch a maſter-piece of burleſque, that it never can be forgotten by thoſe who ſaw him---but that muſt have fallen far ſhort of his Hamlet, which, we are told, he attempted in the early part of his life, at Bath, one ſeaſon, for his own benefit.---He limped tollerably well through the play, in his own way, till he came to the ſcene of the quarrel, in the laſt act, with Laertes, and in repeating the lines

" What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
" I lov'd---but it's no matter---
" Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
" The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

Inſtead of which, in his uſual way, he ſays

What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus ?
I lov'd thee—but it's no matter—
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The dog will mew----Eh,----no, that's wrong----the cat will bark----bark ! no, that's the dog----the dog will bark----Eh,----no, that's the dog again----the cat ----the dog----the cat----pſhaw, damn the dog and the cat too,----Ladies and gentlemen, it is ſomething about barking and catterwauling, but, as I hope to be ſaved, I know nothing about the matter.

THE ONE HANDED ACTOR.

It has been cuſtomary with the commander of a theatric troop to teach their young performers to throw it out----keep it up----go through with it----and to make uſe of their arms and legs, and not ſtand like a tea-pot, with one hand ſtuck by the ſide like the handle, and the other thrown in this manner like the ſpout.----So that the actor is always in motion as if he had got the St Vitus' dance, and could not ſtand ſtill for the ſoul of him.

Mr Moſſop, the once celebrated tragedian, was diſtinguiſhed amongſt the wags of the green-room, by the appellation of the one-handed actor.----For Mr Churchill ſays, in his Roſciad, his right hand was always labouring away, whilſt his left was totally in-

active.---But Mr Garrick effected a complete cure of this gentleman, by telling him a ſtory of a one-handed actor who had got a wooden arm made, and diſdaining that one hand ſhould have all the labour, he would give the wooden one a hearty ſmack, and ſet it on full ſwing like the pendulum of a clock,—for inſtance now,

" I own the glorious ſubject fires my breaſt,
" And my ſoul's darling paſſion ſtands confeſt;
(*Bang goes clumpy*)
" Beyond myſelf or virtues ſacred band,
" Beyond my life I prize my native land;
(*Bang*)
" Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
" And die with pleaſure for my country's good."

So bing bang, ſwing ſwang, dingle dangle went the dead limb, and the poor actor was as proud of it as any of his living ones.

MR G. A. STEVENS.

THOUGH every one muſt highly condemn a performer's wantonly neglecting the ſtudying of his parts, yet I muſt in juſtice obſerve, that there have been ſome who, from bad ſucceſs in point of emolument, have perhaps unwillingly given into a laſſitude and neglect of their buſineſs.—As an inſtance of which

I beg leave to relate an anecdote of G. A. Stevens, who, at Lynn, in Norfolk, had to perform the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice; but having, previous to this, play'd ſeveral nights to empty benches, had much neglected the ſtudy of his part for that evening,—however, he buſtled through it tollerably well till he came to the laſt act, where he ſhould have ſaid to Jeſſica,

" In ſuch a night as this Leander ſwam the Helleſpont,
" And brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's ſake."
&c.

Inſtead of which he began thus,

Oh! Jeſſica, on ſuch a night as this, the man
Swam over the water, and—and he duck'd and he div'd,
And he div'd and he duck'd—and he got to the other ſide,
And there he met with his ſweetheart, and ſhe met him
And then you know they met each other.

There was no ſtanding this—the audience ſmoak'd the buſineſs, and an univerſal hiſs was the conſequence. Stevens, highly nettled at this, reſolving to leave the town in a blaze, took Jeſſica by the hand, and, leading her forward, addreſſed the audience thus,

" Oh! Jeſſica, on ſuch a night as this we came to town,
" And ſince that night we've touch'd but half-a-crown;
" Let you and I then bid theſe folks good night,
" For if we ſtay—damme, they'll ſtarve us quite.

THE BOMBARDIER.

"IF I am not aſham'd of my ſoldiers (ſays old Jack Falſtaff, deſcribing his tatter demalion troops) then I am a ſouſed gurnet." And, I believe, many a commander of a theatric troop might lay his hand on his heart and ſay the ſame thing.---The ſervice is not only diſgraced by raw recruits who have never been ſent to drill, but even veterans who have beat the march through many a tough campaign, deſerve to be brought to puniſhment for neglect of duty. There was one of the Norwich company, a very eccentric character, who was a tolerable claſſical ſcholar, and took no ſmall pains in flaſhing his learning; but, to his ſhame be it ſpoken, was never known to be perfect in his part.

This gentleman had formerly been a bombardier in the train of artillery, and his common expreſſion on all occaſions, whenever he was gravell'd for lack of matter, was---"Blow me out of the world."---One evening, walking on for the part of Richmond, with all his followers at his heels, when he ſhould have begun,

"Thus far into the bowels of the land
"Have we march'd on without impediment."

And ſo on to the end of the chapter, as he ſhould have done---he ſays,

"Thus far into the bowels of the earth,"

Earth inſtead of *land*, but that is much the ſame you'll ſay,

" Thus far into the bowels of the earth,
" I ſay---I have got thus far into the
" Bowels of the earth---and---and---
" Blow me out of the world if I can march a foot further."

In like manner I find it a difficult matter to carry a recital of theſe foibles any further, and ſhall, therefore, beg leave to diſmiſs my audience with the Sequel to Queen Beſs's golden days, or the golden days we now poſſeſs.

SONG.

Tune—" *Golden Days of Good Queen Beſs.*"

IN praiſe of Queen Beſs lofty ſtrains have been ſung, Sir,
And her fame echo'd forth by the old and the young, Sir;
But from times that are paſt, we will now turn our eyes, Sir,
As the times we now poſſeſs 'tis but wiſdom to prize, Sir.
Happy are the days we now poſſeſs,
Whatſoever were the days of Good Queen Beſs.

Without armies to combat, or armadoes to withſtand, Sir,
With our foes at our feet, and the ſword in our hand, Sir;
Laſting peace we ſecure—we're the lords of the ſea, Sir,
And our ſtout wooden walls are our ſafe guarantee, Sir.
Happy are the days, &c.

No Bigot rules the land with perſecution dire, Sir,
No more burning zeal heaps the faggots on the fire, Sir
No biſhop now can broil a poor Jew like a Pigeon,
Nor Barbary a Pagan like a Pig for religion.
Happy are the days, &c.

No legendary ſaint robs the labourer of one day,
Except now and then when he celebrates St Monday;
And good folks keep the Sabbath without making a pother, Sir,
By walking in at one door, and ſtealing out at t'other, Sir.
Happy are the days, &c.

Yet no feaſt thro' the year do we ſcruple to obſerve, Sir,
As we wiſely conclude that to faſt is to ſtarve, Sir;
Except when in Lent dainty fiſh decks the table,
And we faſt upon turtle as faſt as we are able.
Happy are the days, &c.

Forbearing our belles, what can equal our fair, Sir,
Tho' farthingals and ruffs are rather out of wear, Sir,
When truſs'd up like rabbits, whether lean, fat, or plump, Sir,
No matter ſo they've got a merry heart and cork rump, Sir.
Happy are the days, &c.

Such promontories ſure may be deem'd inacceſſible,
Since our ſmall cloaths, by Prudes, are pronounc'd inexpreſſible;
The taſte of our beaux 'twould be folly to diſpute, Sir,
As they ride about in ſlippers, and walk about in boots, Sir.
Happy are the days, &c.

Then our language is refin'd from what it was of yore, Sir,
And a ſhoe ſtring's the dandy, and a buckle's quite the bore, Sir;
If rais'd from the dead 'twould ſurely puz the noddle, Sir,
Of Shakeſpeare to tell—what's the TIPPY and the TWADDLE, Sir.
Happy are the days, &c.

Then for props of the nation, we ſurely have to boaſt, Sir,
Tho' the proudeſt of our pillars have been ſhaken by a poſt, Sir;
May the firm friends of Britain every virtue inherit,
And her foes be advanc'd to the poſts that they merit.
Happy are the days, &c.

And as the name of Brunſwick claims duty, love, and awe, Sir,
Beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Naſſau, Sir,
Let the ſceptre be ſway'd by the ſon or the ſire, Sir,
May their race rule the land, till the globe is on fire, Sir.
Then ſhall the golden days we now poſſeſs,
Far exceed the boaſted days of Good Queen Beſs.

FINIS.

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